

Head Space

Written by
Someone

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INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Dark wood desk, chrome and leather couch and one large window dominate the office.

BENJAMIN PATERS, 50s, bald but compensating with a massive bushy beard, sits on a stool and listens intently to...

MELANIE TILLY, 30s, crows-nest hair frames her porcelain features as she gesticulates wildly with one hand and holds a bag to her chest with the other.

BENJAMIN
Miss Tilly, really --

MEL
You can call me Mel.

Benjamin smiles good naturedly and pushes his wire-rimmed glasses further up his large nose.

BENJAMIN
Okay Mel, but as I was saying,
it's not about my belief, it's --.

Mel shakes her head.

MEL
That's such a fucking shrink answer.

BENJAMIN
Yes, well that's as may be but --

MEL
Cling-film answer.

She laughs at her own crap joke.

BENJAMIN
I meant that it's your --

MEL
I brought her.

BENJAMIN
Who? Your bobble-head doll?

MEL
She is not a doll.

Mel pulls her bag tighter to her chest.

MEL

She doesn't like being called that.

Benjamin nods and smirks to himself.

BENJAMIN

I think what we may have here is an unusual case of Pediophobia --

MEL

Whoa, I am so not a peado - I mean I'm a woman for god's sake.

Benjamin sighs, exasperated.

BENJAMIN

Well, women can be paedo... sorry, no, that's not the point.

MEL

No?

BENJAMIN

No, Pediophobia is the fear of dolls.

MEL

But I'm not scared of her, she's me.

Mel opens her bag up and extracts a small bobble-head doll, dressed superficially in similar clothes.

She holds it towards Benjamin.

MEL

This is Mel B.

BENJAMIN

(genuine surprise)

Oh.

The doll's features are an exact replica of Mel's.

MEL

I know, great likeness, right?

Benjamin nods.

BENJAMIN

And you made this.

MEL

Yes, off Amazon - 3D printer bobble-head kit.

They send the instructions, link to a scanning app for your phone... whole kit and caboodle.

BENJAMIN

Uncanny.

Benjamin takes the doll from Mel's hand and examines it.

He shakes the doll to see the bobble-head in action. Mel winces and holds her head still.

MEL

Please, not that...

Benjamin shakes the doll's body and watches Mel's reaction.

Nothing.

He shakes the dolls head again, Mel's nods back and forth despite her trying to hold it still.

BENJAMIN

So just the head bit of the doll is you then?

MEL

I guess. And she's not a doll!

Mel laughs nervously.

MEL

Sorry.

BENJAMIN

Well, but she is though, and if we are going to help with your psychosis then we will need to address this.

He reaches behind him and places Mel B on the desk, head bobbing gently to a stop.

BENJAMIN

So why do you think the doll is alive?

MEL

Really though, stop.

Benjamin shrugs.

BENJAMIN
 Bobble-head dolls, all dolls, are
 inanimate objects, yours included.

MEL
 But when I was loading the 3D printer
 with that string thingy --

BENJAMIN
 Filament.

MEL
 That's what I said... where was I?

BENJAMIN
 You loaded the string thingy...

MEL
 Yes, I loaded the filament but cut my
 finger as I did. So you see?

BENJAMIN
 Not really, the doll is --

MEL
 Genuinely, stop.

BENJAMIN
 Is still just plastic, well made,
 really captured your features --

MEL
 And my blood.

BENJAMIN
 Ah, so you think the blood mingled
 with it when printing.

MEL
 And it took loads of pics of me for
 the scan too.

BENJAMIN
 And now the bobble-head doll is
 possessed by you somehow?

Mel nods enthusiastically, unnaturally... a lot like a
 certain bobble-headed doll.

MEL
 She really doesn't like that.

Benjamin laughs.

BENJAMIN
 Sorry, it's just... well you must see
 that dolls can't --

MEL
 Chucky.

BENJAMIN
 Is Hollywood rubbish and its actual
 title is Child's Play.

MEL
 It's an absolute classic.

BENJAMIN
 But yours is not possessed by the
 spirit of Brad Dourif. Yours is a 3D
 printed copy of your head stuck on
 top of a plastic stand. It's a
bobble-head doll who's specific and
 only purpose is to do this.

Benjamin turns in his seat and holds his finger out in the
 flicking position.

But there's nothing there to flick, Mel B isn't there.

BENJAMIN
 What the...

He turns back to Mel.

Mel has moved whilst his back was turned, her face is just a
 few inches from his now.

MEL
 What, this?

She holds Mel B up to the side of Benjamin's head and flicks
 the plastic head.

Mel's own head mirrors the violent bobbling of the doll.

Bad news for Benjamin as Mel's head slams into his face,
 smashing his large nose into a pulp and shattering his
 glasses into his corneas.

He SCREAMS.

She smiles and flicks Mel B's head again.

Her head smashes into Benjamin's again, and again and again.